INTERNATIONAL club

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WET AND WILLING EVENT

BIKER GIRL GETS HER BIG CHANCE

LINZI'S NATIONAL STRIPTEASE

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Sarah

Photographs by Rupert Daines

club
DUMBASS

Talk

JOYCE

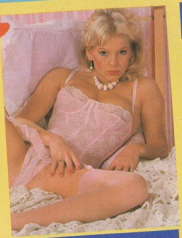
The drum majorette get-up was hers entirely. For, being a typical product of the American educational system, Joyce has first-hand experience of marching, baton-twirling and knicker-flashing, all part and parcel of the majorette's skills she acquired as the result of an 'academically not particularly distinguished' spell at high school. So is it just the dumdums who tend to go in for cheerleading and drum majoretting? 'Absolutely not!' Joyce insists, parting her full, firm thighs wider still at the insistence of Club's professionally-lecherous lensman. 'Majoretting is popular simply because it gives blossoming teenage chicks a chance to show the guys what they're missing out on. It's unashamed sexual exhibitionism with the Middle American seal of approval!' And did she, we ventured, lure any hunky, hulking football players with her bustin' blouse, kinky cowboy boots and that apology for a skirt? 'Oh gosh yes!' Joyce exclaims, as though taken aback by the stupidity of the question. 'You don't think I went through two semesters of rehearsals and back-breaking physical jerks to come out empty-handed, do you? Heck, I was the No. 1 pin-up with the Tampa Bay Reds for the whole '79-'80 season, and a girl doesn't earn *that* kind of status by saying cheese!'

Check out Joyce on page 88.

VIVIEN

This fresh, pretty 22-year-old from Horsham, Sussex, describes her looks as 'somewhere between Lynsey de Paul and Debbie Harry,' though she is the first to admit that she isn't blessed with a typical glamour girl physique. Nevertheless her svelte, tanned, super-fit body is no less delicious to behold, and due to the encouraging amount of fashion and glamour work she has lined up, Vivien is now contemplating the abandonment of the provincial lifestyle in favour of 'a Fulham maisonette, a Suzuki jeep and an overflowing portfolio.' Refreshingly, she is possessed of considerably more intelligence than the average model, an asset which makes her infinitely more fanciable than most. Again, so untypically of her profession, Vivien had *opinions* on things, and talked long and lucidly on censorship, feminism, the glamour business . . . and her own sexual predilections: how she enjoyed oral sex and other kinds of foreplay better than penetration; how, if she put her mind to it, she could become virtually multiorgasmic. Was there not, I wondered out loud, anything that I could offer to appease her lusts? 'Another glass of water would go down well,' she replied, unsmiling. Some guys have all the luck . . .

See page 36 for Vivien.



ABIGAIL

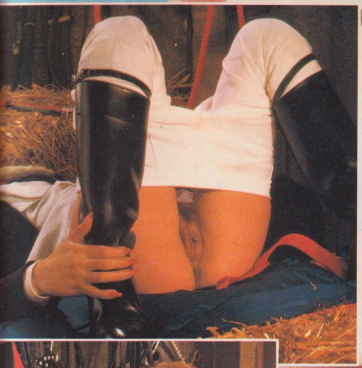
You come across them every so often. They seldom so much as phone and NEVER, God forbid, commit themselves in writing. I'm talking about the very small minority of Club's models who come into the studio straight off the street, show what they've got to offer, 'do the business' with whichever photographer is on hand and promptly vanish into the Soho sunset, seldom to surface on celluloid again. Abigail fits into this category, though her professed disinterest in the financial aspects of glamour work makes her a rare bird still. Why, then, did she want to pose for Club? According to her, it was purely and simply because she liked the idea of 'being naked with guys,' and wanted a memento (in the form of a handful of Polaroid test shots) to take back to her boyfriend serving with BAOR. We explained to Abigail that a seven-page section in Club in 200-odd thousand copies amounted to rather more than a 'memento' and, besides, wouldn't her boyfriend's NCO be a bit, er, *touchy* about this sort of thing? Abigail assured us we'd got it wrong; 'My boyfriend's colleagues spend so much time gloating over hardcore mags and screwing their brains out in St. Pauli they're hardly likely to give him a hard time over some split beaver shots in Club!' What DOES a girl have to do to win a soldier's heart these days? **See Abigail on page 67.**

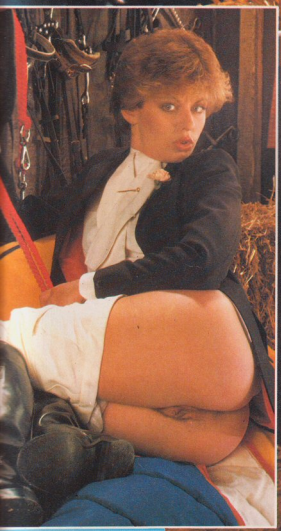
LAURA

She's one of those ladies who does something for the clothes she wears, and vice versa – this riding apparel, for example. The way the jodhpurs cling taut to her well-turned bottom, the hautiness of the cravat, and those incredibly expensive riding boots which, though purely functional, Laura somehow manages to make look excitingly erotic. Indeed, she's the sort of girl you'd love to dress up a little before taking to bed, rather than undress completely. True, jodhpurs might be a trifle incongruous between the sheets and clumpy riding boots would play havoc with the continental quilt . . . but a suspender belt, perhaps, worn with some sheer mesh silk-seamed stockings? 'Oh I *never* sleep naked unless I'm by myself – and that isn't often!' states Laura, freshly forthcoming. 'I'm not sure about stockings though. Aren't they a bit cliched in this day and age? A lot of girls I know are starting to wear very naughty things to bed. Me, I've just bought a black rubber mini skirt from a "specialist" shop in Chelsea. I can't wait to see my boyfriend's face when I try it on for him!' Well, really, madam, we were only asking for a comment, not a full, unexpurgated confession! Hang it all, our readers might jump to the conclusion you're oversexed! **Jump to page 42 for lots of Laura.**

Photographs by Dwight Fox

Laura





DOMINANS

Octopus 220

WET SET

Photographs by Rupert Daines